

THE  
Afternoon Tryall  
OF  
Old Father  
CHRISTMAS,

At the Affizes held at the  
Town of *Difference*, in the  
County of *Discontent*.

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Written according to Legal proceeding,

By *Josiah King*.

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LONDON,  
Printed by E. C. for John Ratcliff,  
Bookseller in Plymouth, 1658.

THE

Attention of

OF

OLD

CHRISTMAS



At the

Town of

County

Written according to the

By

LONDON

Printed by

at the



To Mr. *Anthony Skinner*  
and Mr. *John Block* his  
Brother, Merchants  
in *Plymouth*.

Gentlemen,

**J**UST now is come into the  
Harbour, the good Ship  
called the *Thankful Remem-*  
*brance*; the Master of her is  
called *Old Christmas*, she is  
Laden with Hospitality, a  
Commodity that is very  
scarce; she could hardly e-  
scape Naufrage. The *Enrochy-*  
*don* winds and waves conspi-

red against her to dash her in  
pieces against the black rocks  
of Oblivion; where she had  
perished, had she not borne  
up to the Cape of Good  
Hope. And although Mr.  
*Starve-mouse*, and Mr. *Cold-  
kitching* repine at his Lan-  
ding, yet I know that both  
you will congratulate with  
the Master for his safe arri-  
vall;

*And speedily to him resort,  
And bid him welcome to your Port.*

Yours,

*F. K.*

To



To my good Friend Mr. Philip  
Pearce of Modbury.

Sir,

**H**Ere I present you with a New-nothing.  
for a New-years gift, I am ashamed of  
it, but I cannot now prevent it; I have been  
told that there have some been displeased with  
the former part, and I am sorry that I have  
offended my weak Brethren; let them forgive  
me this, and I will never trouble them with  
such a Toy any more.

And for your part you may me justly blame,  
Unto this worthless piece, to set you name,  
But if there ought be here that like you do,  
I pray fall to't, and much good do you too.

J. K.



To my good Friend Mr. [illegible]  
of [illegible]

I have just received your letter of the 10th inst. and am  
glad to hear that you are well and that you are  
still in the country. I am sorry to hear that you  
are not in the city, but I hope you will soon  
be able to visit me. I am very much interested  
in your work and hope you will continue to  
do it with success.

I am, dear friend, very much interested  
in your work and hope you will continue to  
do it with success.

I am, dear friend, very much interested  
in your work and hope you will continue to  
do it with success.

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THE  
Afternoon Tryall  
OF  
CHRISTMAS.

**T**O omit the various discourse  
which the Judges, Sheriffs,  
and Justices had at Dinner;  
when they were returned, and had taken  
their places on the Bench, they com-  
manded to bring *Old Christmas* to the  
Bar; who when he came look't so  
smug and pleasant, his cherry cheeks  
appeared through his thin milk white  
locks, like blushing Roses vail'd with  
snow white Tiffany; or like the Lilly  
matcht with the Carnation, the true  
Emblem of Joy and Innocence; which  
the



the Judges having taken notice of, said,  
Me thinks you put a good face upon't  
Old Man.

*Chr.*

*An unstain'd Conscience on the Rack can smile,  
And makes a better face then wine or oil.*

Come, come, said the Judges, are the  
Jury agreed? With that Sir *Hica* told the  
Judge, that one Mr. *Blinde-zeal*, a man  
that had the greatest Estate in the Coun-  
trei, with Captain *Caponsface*, & Mrs. *All-  
tongue* his Sister did desire their Evidence  
might be taken in the behalf of the  
Common-wealth; and also requested  
the Judge, that such as were as well  
affected as they, might have the bene-  
fit of a Councell as their Antagonist  
had.

*Judge.* I will give all liberty and free-  
dom for a Legal proceeding, and will  
take all pains that may be to give all  
parties, if possible, satisfaction; and to  
this purpose Sir *Hica* choose your  
Counsellor, and let the witnesses be  
call'd



call'd on both parts that have not yet appeared: And you Jury, give your best attention, for it concernes the life of the Old man.

With that Sir *Hica* busie, delivered a Fee to one Counsellour *Verjuc*, a sowre look't fellow; but Counsellour *Crab* seemed not dismaid at his Pig-looks, but looked Pig-again: in the mean time there stood up a Countrey fellow and called to the Judge and said, My Lord, if your Honour be at Put, it is stop game, for there be two Knaves a board; meaning the two Counsellors: to whom the Judge reply'd;

*Jud.* Sirrah, sirrah, be silent, or you shall be put, where you shall neither see light, nor Sunne this fennight.

*Countrey fell.* Then goodnight Sir.

Then there was a List delivered to the Clerk of those that had not yet appeared against the Old Man in the forenoon;

4 *The Afternoon Tryall*

forenoon; then the Judge commanded they should be called.

Cler. Cryer, call Mr. *Blinde-zeal*.

Cry O yes, Mr. *Blinde-zeal*.

Can. Crab. *Zeal it is blind if knowledge doth not guide; Knowledge is lame, if not by zeal supply'd.*

Judge. Where is the Witness that was call'd? cannot he finde the way in; is there never a Scholar to help lead him?

Crab.

No, as for such, he wish them hang'd and  
-in dead;  
The furious fool, will not be taught nor  
led.

To roast an Egge he as much fire doth make,  
As judgement for to roast an Ox doth take.

Judge. Come friend, what can you  
say?

*Blindz.*

Blindz, My Lord, this Old wretch  
*Christmas* at the Bar, I hate him with  
 an inveterate hatred, he hath been an  
 utter undoer of many a good friend of  
 mine; my Lord it's great pity that the  
 Cockatrice had not been crusht in the  
 shell, then had the life of many a  
 Creature been saved, for he hath been  
 a Murtherer from the beginning, at his  
 coming scarce an house in the Coun-  
 trey, but there is one or other dead  
 in it; he hath a younger Brother cal-  
 led *Mr. Lent*, he hath alwayes hated his  
 bloody practises, and openly by procla-  
 mation hath detested them, and En-  
 acted penalties by a Law to be levi-  
 ed on those that follow any of his  
 riotous courses; yet this milde Gen-  
 tleman, *Mr. Lent*, hath been long sick,  
 and we fear he will hardly recover;  
 but if he do die, I will swear this  
 Old man hath been the death of  
 him. Therefore, good my Lord, let  
 Justice be executed upon him as a Mur-  
 therer.

Com. Crab.

*Cou. Crab.*

Away blinde fool, do'st thou not life regard,  
To hang him first, and judge him after-  
ward?

*Cou. Verj.* I would have you know  
*Crab*, that this Gentleman that last ex-  
prest himself, is as virtuous and Reli-  
gious as you are profane and base,  
and were it not in this honourable  
presence, I could kick you below scorn,  
as once I raised you above your ex-  
pectation.

*Cou. Crab.* You Vinegar face. Your  
Mothers bottle, and the Ink-mans bar-  
rell were Couzen germans.

*Cou. Verj.* Sirrah do not quarrel.

*Jud.* What Witneses are there  
more?

*Clerk.* Cryer, call Captain Capons-  
face.

*Cry.*

*Cry.* O yes, Captain *Capons-face*.

*Jud.* Captain, what can you say in the behalf of the Common-wealth against the Prisoner at the Bar?

*Cou. Crab.* Ile cut his coxcomb by and by.

*Capt. Capons-face.* My Lord I was told that in the forenoon he stood upon his justification, and denied that ever he was the Authour of Sedition. Now, my Lord, I can prove that at the Town of *Stomach*, in the County of *Corps*, he hath been the chief cause of Mutiny and Insurrection; for when Captain *Hot*, and Lieutenant *Cold*, Collonel *Roast*, and Major *Boild*, Ensigne *Fish*, and Serjant *Fowle*, and Corporall *Flesh*, with other Common Souldiers met all on the guard, there must needs be a battail, to the great detriment of the Common-wealth of Nature. And furthermore, my Lord, he causeth men to dig their own graves with their Teeth: He makes

*Cry.*

makes the Drunkard sing whilest the drink is fighting. And thus in short is that I can say.

*Con. Crab.* This was that Bountifol Gentleman, my Lord, that promised his S u'diers, That whosoever did kill the Lion, he would give him the skin of him for his Labour; I never heard that ever he was so forward as any of his Company except once at a Rout, and then he out ran them all.

*And I commend his men 'twas wisely done,  
To give their Captain the first place to run.  
And when his Worship please to run away,  
Tis breach of Discipline for them to stay.  
And he unto that Market seldome goes,  
Where there is nothing to be sold but blows:  
And when he to his over-match doth come,  
He hath his handful, yet goes empty home.*

*Con. Ver.* You are a base reviling Rabsbea Rascall, it is not thy black-mouthed Envie, nor Toad coloured Malice, shall any way obscure the Splender and renown of this Captains fame.

*Jud.*

**Jud.** Silence, I will have no more of this: What other Witnesses are there?

**Chr.** Cryer, call Mrs. *All-tongue*.

**Cry.** O yes, Mrs. *All-tongue*.

**Jud.** Come woman, where dwell you?

**All-tongue.** My Lord, I dwell at the Town of *Tattle* in the County of *Prate*; my Maiden name is *All-tongue*, but I have since been marryed to one *Mark Make-bate*; by whom I had two Daughters, the one called *Tel-tale*, the other *Back-bite*; my Daughter *Back-bite* is but a sneaking wench; but my Daughter *Tel-tale* is a bold wench, she hath indeed committed a fault, she hath had a Bastard by an old Rogue, she bear is called *Lying*, yet nevertheless, she is much made of at every house she comes at, and brings away with her in her lap abundance of Belly Timber;

B And



And her chief practise is, to get the Mistresse or Maides into a corner, and there she sweetly drops her rare inventions into the dripping pans of their eares, and her conclusion is alwayes this, Be sure you do not tell who told you.

*Judge.* Woman, surely thou are not unfitly named, this is nothing to the purpose, What canst thou say against the Old man at the Barre?

*All-tongue.* My Lord, When first I began to see the vanity of all humane Ordinances, I took especiall notice of the notorious and vile miscarriages of this Pharisaicall *Old Christmas*, who strives to colour all his beastiality with the paint of *Charity*. Methought I loved him when he was a youth, he was a pretty plump pleasant boy; but his friends (as Parents use to do) doted too much on him, and that spoil'd him. They put him to a Tutor called *Mr. Sense*, one of the Fellowes of the Colledge of *Pleasure*, and

and all the Lectures ever he read to him were *Epicurean*, he brought him up only to sing and Play, Dance, Carrose and Complement. One time my Lord, I came along with the Carrier, (and indeed I am seldome out of his company) and standing under this *Christmasses* Chamber window to hearken, as I commonly do at every bodies house, there I heard him playing and singing this profane Song to his Instrument :

B 2

SONG.

---

**SONG.**

*Let us eat, drink and play;  
And freely enjoy,  
Whatsoever our natures desire:  
Whilſt we live on the Earth  
Let our hearts ſlew in Mirth,  
Sweetly, over Conſcience free.*

By this you may perceive, what a  
precious blade he is my Lord.

Nay one thing more, may it please  
your Honour, I had almoſt forgotten  
that; he comes ten dayes into the Ne-  
therlands before he comes hither, and in  
the time of the Wars, there he drank  
healshe with the Drunken Dutchmen, to  
the confuſion of the *English*; My Lord,  
let your pity and compaſſion, baniſh him  
out of our Nation.

*Coy. Crab,*

*Con. Crab.* Sir, I tell your Honour what this Woman is, one *Mr. Earle*, that was well acquainted with her, gave me a Character of her, in which he told me that she did think her Purity consisted much in clean linen: And that because she have heard of the Flag of Rome, she thinks it a very stutish Religion, and railles at the Whore of Babylon for a very naughty woman; she left her Virginity as a Relique of Popery: she has no room for Charity, and understands no good workes, but what are wrought on the Sampler; nothing angers her so much, as that Women cannot preach: but what she cannot do at Church she does at the Table, till a Capons wing silence her.

*But now Ile cease, lest I your patience wrong.*

*Or thought to be a Kinds-man to All-tongue.*

*Cou. Verj.* You Sirrah *Camb*, I knew when you were but a Hedger; my Lord, there is no credit to be given to what he hath spoken, for he will lie as cheap as a Begger, and as loud as a Clock.

*Jud. Christmas*, Canst thou say nothing for thy self? thou hast heard what hath been Evidenced against thee.

*Christmas*. My Lord, their Allegations are so vaine, I conceive them not worth answering: but only to *Mrs. All-tongues* accusation for being in the *Netherlands*. My Lord, if plain truth may be believed, I shall need no Attorney in that cause; it was my hap to come thither when the Councell was held at *Dort*, where the most Learned and Eminent Divines in *Christendome* were assembled, amongst whom I was courteously entertained, joyfully received, and piously approved, which they conspicuously demonstrated, and by their

of Christmas.

115

their charity to the poor manifested  
and by divers other Generall Coun-  
cels, I have been lovingly embrac-  
ed, and of the necessity of my ob-  
servation, they have testified, as  
that of

Nice.

Armenia.

Antioch.

Carthage.

Generall  
Councils  
approving  
Christmas,

Chalcedon.

Orleance.

Constantinople.

Ferraria.

Constance.

Basil.

B 4

Capt. Casons-face.

*Captn. Gapers-fact.* My Lord, This was he that in the forenoon complained of his memory; I warrant your Honour, if he were searcht, we should finde a worse Diary about him; then was found in B. Lends pocket.

*Judg.* Search him then.

*Conns. Crab.* Go Pick-pockets, doe, doe.

With that the Captain runsto him, and pulls out a paper, and cries out, Here tis, here tis.

*Judg.* Give it to the Clerk to read.

The Clerk having received it, read it out audibly. The contents were these;

Good



Good people, if I live or die,  
Be sure you follow Charity;  
For its power it is no lesse.

Then to make Heaven to Earth de-  
preste.

And again, in earth can wake,  
A flight above the Stars to take.

'Twas that made immortalitie,  
To become mortal, and to die.

Charity, is that which say,  
Come ye blessed, come away.

Its power is such, that it can  
make,

The dumb to speak, the dead to  
wake.

And whither I do live or die,  
Be sure remember Charity.

With

Good

With that there was a great shout,  
and many came in running with di-  
stracted looks, and told the Judge  
that all the Town was up in Armes,  
to come rescue the Old man; and before  
they had made an end of speaking, in  
came half a dozen resolved Blades, and  
delivered a paper to the Judge, in  
which was this written;

*We who unto this Paper doe sub-  
scribe,*

*Not mov'd by Faction, nor expect no  
bribe:*

*But do unto your Lordship thus de-  
clare,*

*That the Old man that now is at the  
Bar;*

*Unlesse he be with honour quickly  
freed,*

*We tell you what you must expect  
with speed:*

*For*

*For here are many thousands who thus  
swears,  
They'l pull the house about your Ho-  
nours ears.*

The Judge being amazed at this  
unexpected message, spake to the Old  
Christmas after this manner.

*Judg.*

*Christmas for present, I do free thee,  
and*

*Would not as yet, have thee forsake  
the Land:*

*What is amisse, I pray thee for to  
mend;*

*So the Assizes for this time shall  
end.*

*Tyrannorum*

Tyrannorum vita est in qua  
 nulla est Charitas, nulla fides, nulla  
 stabilis benevolentia, fiducia, omnia  
 semper suspecta & sollicita sunt, nullus  
 locus amicitiae.

**FINIS.**

*Courteous Reader,*

**T**He Author hereof hath  
published another very  
ingenious Piece, Entituled,  
*The Grave opened, or A View*  
*of the Chambers of Death;*  
sold by T. Johnson at the  
Key in Pauls Church-yard.